



TONY WELLER'S ADVICE TO UNCLE SAM.

"SAMIVEL, MY BOY, BEVARE OF THE VIDDERS."



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THE day and the men are at hand, and by the glow of the watchfires each battle sees the other's umbered face. There have been mighty doings. There has been the blare of trumpets, the rattle of drums, the rustle of greenbacks, the slogan of Logan, the pæan of Blaine. Butler has whooped, Tilden has sneezed, and Belva has done her level best, which was n't much, but Belva tries real hard, and we must n't laugh at her. Well, the day is at hand, and soap is the word, and the boys are buckled up for the fray. Now the question is—Which?

JAMES G. BLAINE of Maine is the most conspicuous candidate before us. More mud has been thrown at Blaine than at any man living, and more of it has stuck. Blaine wrote letters—Blaine did—and Blaine has Little Rock and Pacific railroads and lots of other things to rattle around him and make the welkin ring. If Blaine gets in, there is one thing certain—there will be precious little rascality afoot in Washington that he will not know of.

GROVER CLEVELAND comes next. Grover is n't liked by the New York *Sun*, and that certainly ought to lose him the votes of Ward's Island and Sing Sing. Grover has not only tried to be honest, but has been so, and that ought to settle him as a candidate in these days. Somehow, though, he seems to loom up, and it would n't be fair to omit all mention of him.

GENERAL BENJAMIN F. BUTLER is third. It is twenty odd years since Butler was a general. It certainly will be sixty years before he will be a President. But it does his old heart good to stump around, and paint the town red, and yell for the workingman, and read the *Sun* and be hopeful, and it does nobody harm. Spoons and the governorship of Massachusetts were the death of Butler. So we look on this as merely the old man's playfulness, and so let him go.

ST. JOHN is fourth. St. John never drinks behind the bar. He will want to on the fifth of November.

MRS. BELVA LOCKWOOD is fifth. She might be sixth or ninety-fourth, and be just as happy.

THERE they are, with a sprinkling of Logan, Hendricks and others to fill in and make a glorious ticket. The American citizen never had a better chance. Principle and Honesty against Rascality and Machinery—that is the simple cause for which the ballots will fall.

IT has not been a brilliant campaign. The air has been too thick with flying mud. But the sky is clearing more and more, and not long will it be before the great question will be decided, whether we choose our rulers through wisdom, or through a blind spirit of party pride and imbecility.

THE *Times* announces that sixteen persons have died in Vermont during the past three years who were reputed to be over one hundred years old.

This record is not pleasant to contemplate and considering the fact that Centennialism is a disease that can be most easily avoided, it seems to show that Vermonters are unpardonably lax in their efforts to prevent an increase of mortality.

THE old Puritanical tyranny peculiar to New England is breaking out once more in Boston.

By an arbitrary act of the Police Commissioners of that City the Police have been deprived of one of their inherent rights.

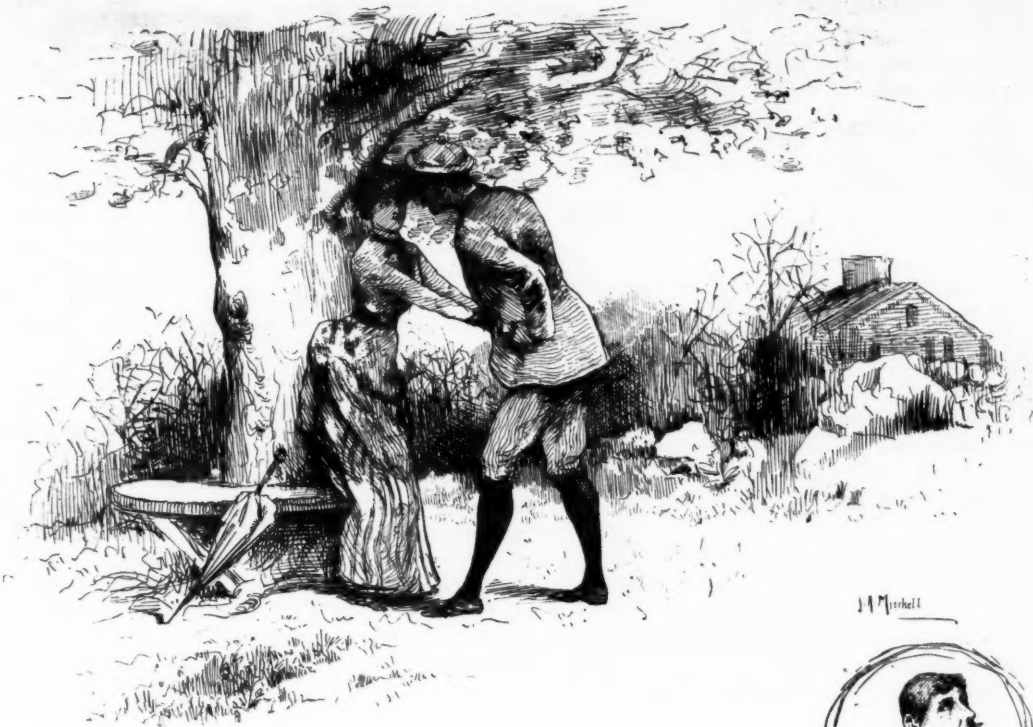
The rule forbidding members of the force in the future from taking peanuts or fruit from the stands of street vendors without duly compensating the dealers therefor by cash is a direct blow against the time honored institutions which are the foundation of our national prosperity.

Gentlemen of Boston, Beware!

NOW that the various collegiate institutions in the country have arrayed themselves on one side or the other—or on both—of the political contest, the Nation breathlessly awaits the fiat which shall go forth from the numerous Kinder-Gartens, in which our land abounds.

LOST: Somewhere in Ohio, 12,000 votes of no use to anybody but the owner. Especially valued as an heirloom. The finder will be liberally rewarded by leaving the same with the undersigned on November 4th, between the hours of 6 A. M., and 6 P. M.

J. G. B., Maine.



J. Mitchell



### AN OCTOBER IDYL.

SHE HAS FINALLY UTTERED THAT DELIGHTFUL "YES," AND JACK IS SUPREMELY HAPPY. IT IS OUR DUTY TO ADD, HOWEVER, THAT SHE IS A VIRGINIAN AND IS ALREADY ENGAGED TO TWO OTHER FELLOWS, HARRY AND WILLIAM. AS WILLIAM IS THE ONLY ONE WHOSE INCOME IS IN HARMONY WITH HER IDEAS OF LIFE, OUR FRIEND JACK WILL SOON DISCOVER FOR HIMSELF WHETHER "T IS BETTER TO HAVE LOVED AND LOST THAN NEVER TO HAVE LOVED AT ALL."

#### SHE SPRAINED HER KNEE.

**M**OST cheerful of a cheerful crew,  
Bright as the sky with cloud unflecked,  
She rived with her cheek's clear hue  
The brilliant wing her hat that decked.  
The thing you least of all expect,—  
That is the thing that is to be:  
Nor seer, nor prophet could have recked  
That she should jump and sprain her knee.

Not doctor's learning could undo  
The luckless fall's unkind effect.  
Of sinew strained or parted thew  
By time alone the pain is checked.  
Not all the prayers of every sect,  
Nor tears enough to make a sea,  
Could ever yet missteps correct,  
Or mend at once a once sprained knee.

The Scriptures say—I know it's true—  
That upon Heaven's own sweet elect  
Patience has still her work to do,  
What's good already to perfect.  
And that's the reason, I suspect,  
Why Fate's inevitable decree  
Should all the rest of us reject  
And choose out her to sprain her knee.

#### ENVOY.

I judge from symptoms I detect  
Her mishap has come home to me;  
My heart is more completely wrecked  
Than ever, since she sprained her knee.

A FARE EXCHANGE—Five cents for an Elevated ticket.

## BOOMLETS.

**M**R. BLAINE wishes it distinctly understood that in case of his election to the Presidency he has no intention of changing the name of the country to the Be-Nighted States.

**A**BOWERY Museum advertises a curiosity which is half man and half Leyden Jar.

It is strongly suspected that he belongs to the Demi-John family.

**M**RS. BLAKE, the lecturess, opposes Mrs. Lockwood, the Woman's Rights Candidatess for the Presidency. With such opposition in her own camp Mrs. Lockwood will probably remain a Lawyeress.

**M**R. POMEROY, the American Prohibitionist, has withdrawn owing to the supposed relationship between him and Pomeroy Sec, well known as the gentleman who spells campaign with an H in it.

**I**T is to be presumed that the Presidential shoes which Mr. St. John hopes to fill are Pumps.

**T**HE American Political Alliance has run away without paying his board bill.

Sensible man! He who lives to run away may live to run some other day.

**T**HE Republican Campaign Committee have hard work to meet their current expenses. The Butler canvass has been no inconsiderable item in the Blaine expense account.

**I**T is said by those who have seen O'Donovan Rossa and the Central Park Chimpanzee together, that Darwin's theory of a Missing Link is not so absurd an affair after all.

**T**HE *Times* in its Rail-Road news asks the apparently irrelevant question, "Is Reading On Its Last Legs?" *Cela depend!* If our esteemed contemporary refers to the Reading of the N. Y. *Sun* the chances are that it is.

**W**E are not surprised that Alderman Grant accepts. It's a way Grants have.

**M**R. ST. JOHN will probably draw largely from the floating population.

**T**HE following telegram from Logan to Blaine, apropos of the recent struggle in Ohio, vindicates that gentleman's English and shows the marvelous control he has over dead languages.

J. G. BLAINE, Meanderingville, Ohio.

Ohio's went for us. In hunk Singulo Vincitis. Set 'em up again.

J. A. L.



## LITERARY PATENT MEDICINE. QUACKS.

**E**VER since the success of that very pious and melodramatic novel, "Barriers Burned Away," the public have almost annually been inflicted with a similar concoction of love and religion by the same author. And, what is more strange, the public buys the nostrum in unlimited quantities. The latest brand is called "A Young Girl's Wooing." (None genuine without E. P. Roe's name stamped on the bottle.)

**I**T may interest an unregenerate public to know that the proportion of Love to Religion in the present brand is about 99 to 1; but that one part is deemed sufficient by author and publisher to commend the article to most of the Sunday School librarians in the country. The ninety-nine parts of double distilled love will appeal to the mawkish tastes of the young girls and boys who are supposed to imbibe moral sentiments only from the pages. The non-essential ingredients of the book are puffs for Santa Barbara as a health resort, and the Catskills as affording numberless opportunities for love-making, together with a varied assortment of ghastly puns.—The first edition of 25,000 has been exhausted, and yet there are some people who assert that there is no representative American novelist!

**J**UDGE TOURGÉE is another of our successful literary patent medicine men. While E. P. Roe hawks about his panaceas for the heart, Judge Tourgée devotes his attentions to the aches and pains of the nation. His latest prescription, "An Appeal to Caesar," is intended to set the country right on the negro question. It is a matter of congratulation that Judge Tourgée has not attempted to sugarcoat his dose by passing it off as a novel. There are a few valuable pages in the book—the statistical tables compiled from the last census. The amount of reliance to be placed on any of Judge Tourgée's opinions may be inferred from the fact that before Blaine's nomination he pronounced the plumed knight utterly unfit for the presidency, and after the convention went on the stump advocating his election. The *Tribune* has semi-officially received him back to the fold.

DROCH.

## BOOKS RECEIVED.

**T**HE *Shadow of John Wallace*, by L. Clarkson. White, Stokes & Allen, N. Y.

*London Lyrics*, by Frederick Locker. White, Stokes & Allen, N. Y.

*Uncle Sam's Farm*, its tenants and their views in 1884, by one of them. Wynkoop & Hallenbeck, N. Y.



THE QUEEN'S MUNIFICENCE.

QUEEN VICTORIA, ever mindful of the wants of her colonial subjects, with that kindness rare among royalty, has presented a copy of her latest book to a library in Canada.

Such munificence on the part of her Gracious Majesty cannot fail to elicit the unbounded love of all her loyal subjects in the Colony who recognize in this liberal gift that marked interest and pride which Her Majesty has always shown in the prosperity of her North American possessions.

THE most powerful astronomical journal in this country is the *World*. It has knocked the spots out of the *Sun*.



ANECDOTE OF B. F. CINCINNATUS.

THE Roman patriot, B. F. Cincinnatus, having placed himself in the Hands of his Friends, a delegation fresh from the Convention hastened to his Sabine Farm, and found him, with a Rose in his Buttonhole, at the Plough, endeavoring to discover which end of the darned Thing went into the Ground. Upon being informed that the Convention had nominated Groverus Clevelandus, and had rejected his Tariff Plank, Cincinnatus, with many Manifestations of Delight, slew his Oxen and offered them upon the fragments of his Plough as a Sacrifice to the Infernal Gods, then shrieking, "Blamed if I do n't run on the Labor Ticket and help the Gauls!" telegraphed to the Rome *Sol* that he accepted the Nomination.

PINS.

THE parlor lamp shed its peaceful rays on a happy group of five persons. There was the head-of-the-family and the one who called himself the head-of-the-family, their two daughters, aged respectively eighteen and eight, and a boy of eleven years. The father carefully removed a bent pin from the seat of the rocking-chair, and stood holding it between his thumb and fore-finger.

"My son," he said pompously, "did you ever, when you saw a discarded, bent, little pin, pause and reflect how long it took to make it, and how many different hands contributed towards fashioning it as it was? It is an instructive and a beneficial subject of contemplation. In the first place, there were the miners who dug the metal it is composed of; the men who transported it to the factories; the workmen who made the pins; the workmen who sharpened them; the men who packed them; the dealers who sold them to tradesmen; the men that carried them to the stores, and the salesmen who retailed them over the counters,—just think what an army of laborers handled that crooked little pin!"

"Yes," said his son and heir reflectively, "but you left out a lot, pa."

"How so?" asked the old gentlemen, in a tone of surprise.

"Why, there was the old lady who bought a paper of 'em; there was her biggest daughter who took one to pin up the rip in the waist of her dress; the young man that told 'em at the office that it was a cat that made that rail-road-map

scratch on the back of his hand; the girl's little brother who borrowed the pin to make into a fish-hook; the little sister whose straw hat he took to keep his angle-worms in, and his old father who sat down on the bent pin when his little boy got tired of fishing. They all had a hand in it, too!"

"No," said the old gentlemen, as he threw the pin in the fire and took up his newspaper. "You are drawing on your imagination, my son. I never found a pin that went through such a series of experiences, in my life."

"May be you have n't, but you will," remarked his son and heir.

"No, no. Run out and play," replied his father. "I am going to sit in my—" but before he sat down he noticed that his eldest daughter was mending a tear in her dress, while the little one was wiping the stains from a straw hat, so he pushed his arm-chair aside with a suspicious glance at a gleaming point on its seat, and sank wearily on to the sofa. However, ere he had fairly touched its surface he bounded toward the zenith with a yell of anguish.

"The old man could n't very well have helped finding it," said the small boy to himself, as he stopped to regain his breath two blocks off, "'cause there was a pin on every blamed piece of furniture in that room. My, but won't ma give it to him for swearin' like that, though?"

CARLSBAD.

"WAL, I never seed sitch doin's," said Mrs. Spriggins to her friend Mrs. Gubbins. "How them pedestrian fellus do come up. Spriggins tells me that Walkin' Miller has writ a book of Memory on time."

## DR. SIMMONSES MISFORTUNES.

*From the "Cheyenne Lariat."*

Under date, Oct. 2d, 1884.

DR. EDWARD SIMMONS, well and favorably known in this city as a skillful and humane physician, left town this morning by the Pacific Express for San Francisco, whither he has determined to remove, and continue the practice of medicine. Dr. Simmons' departure will be deeply deplored by many persons in this city whose intimacy and confidence he has enjoyed. Since he came among us eight years ago, his sterling qualities of mind and heart, and the very unusual scope and thoroughness of his attainments had won for him a high degree of professional success. We had learned to regard him as part of the bed-rock of our community, and when, some six months ago, we learned of his betrothal to Miss Myrtle Read, daughter of Alderman Read, of the 4th ward, the announcement gave us especial pleasure, since it seemed to assure as well Dr. Simmons' life-long happiness, as the stability and continuance of his residence among us.

The painful and mysterious occurrence which blighted our friend's matrimonial hopes, and which, with its distressing sequences, so worked upon his refined and sensitive mind as to make his surroundings here intolerably painful, is well known to all our readers. We tell the story again, not as news, but with the faint hope that it may meet the eye of some person who may even now be able to throw some light upon a gloomy and impenetrable mystery that has baffled investigation.

Toward the end of last April, when the town was full of ranchmen who had returned from passing the winter in the East, but who had not yet started out for the Spring round-up, a number of the members of the Bison Club tendered to Mr. Simmons the compliment of a dinner to signalize their gratification at his recently announced betrothal. The proffered courtesy was accepted in the same genial spirit that had prompted it. The dinner was duly given at the club, and though it was not our privilege to be present we have understood that it was a most enjoyable occasion, and characterized by all the cheerful good fellowship that usually obtains at such times. The party left the club together at about 1.30 A. M., and on reaching the sidewalk paused, we are informed, to discuss, with commendable public spirit, the manner of lighting the town,—several persons holding that electric lights should be introduced, and even suggesting that it would expedite the proposed change if the present gas lamps were removed. But without taking action in this matter, the little concave dispersed, to seek singly or in groups their various homes. Dr. Simmons, whose house it will be remembered is nearly a mile from the club, started out in company with Roger Whitman, Esq., who afterward testified that after accompanying the doctor a couple of blocks he turned back for some reason, bidding good night to his companion who returned his greeting and continued on his way, saying that he was going home and giving no reason for doubt that he would get there.

The next person to see Dr. Simmons was Officer O'Malley, of the police force, who, when on his duty down Elk Street, at about half-past three in the morning, observed a figure in white standing upon the brown stone steps that lead up to the residence of Rev. Silas Parker, pastor of the Second Presbyterian Church. Greatly surprised to see such a figure in such a place, Officer O'Malley approached under cover of



HE COULD NOT TELL, NOR EVEN SURMISE.

a tree and discovered the stranger to be Dr. Simmons, well known to him as a worthy and respectable citizen. The doctor had hung his coat and his waistcoat containing his watch and money, upon the iron palings of the Rev. Parker's front gate, and when the officer caught sight of him he was in the act of drawing his shirt over his head as a preliminary to retiring for the night upon the doorstep. Upon being accosted by O'Malley the doctor said he was very tired and needed repose, and begged the officer unless his case was urgent, to call again in the morning. The impropriety of the doctor's purpose was, however, so obvious, that the officer persuaded him to put on his clothes again and intended to take him home, but changed his mind when he discovered that while the doctor's coat and vest and hat were at hand, he had lost one of his shoes, and no trace could be found of his trowsers. They then went together to the station house, where in the course of an hour's time, the singular misconceptions that seemed to cloud the doctor's intellects gradually faded away, and his usual lucidity of mind returned. On being asked what he had done with his trowsers he could only express his intense surprise at finding himself without them. Where he had been, or why he had selected the Rev. Parker's doorstep for a couch he could

not tell, nor even surmise. Everything, he asserted, was a blank to him from the time of his leaving the Bison Club till he found himself at the police station.

Dr. Simmons went home in a hack in the early morning much mystified, but except for his sense of personal loss not materially the worse for his adventure. Nor need it have caused him any further annoyance had it not been for the injudicious zeal of officer O'Malley, who, eager to trace and recover the missing articles, returned at an early hour to the Rev. Parker's house, and searched the yard and adjacent premises, but without success. Then in his eagerness to find a clue, when the maid came out to sweep the reverend gentleman's steps, he spoke to her and inquired if anything had been seen of Dr. Simmons' trowsers. She vehemently denied all knowledge of the subject, but being curious and rather indignant at the circumstance, she spoke of it afterwards, and in due time the policeman's quest came to her master's ears. No one more than ourself respects the clerical profession, nor do we deem any member of it more respectable than the Rev.



HE PROMPTLY COMMUNICATED THE FACT.

Mr. Parker, yet we trust we may be pardoned for saying that in our humble opinion the use that Mr. Parker made of his casually acquired information was neither judicious, nor consonant with our ideas of Christian forbearance. He promptly communicated the fact that he had ascertained to Hon. Alderman Read, representing, it is said, to that gentleman with zealous earnestness, that a young man who misplaced so inexplicably such necessary articles of apparel was not a fit person to trust with a daughter's happiness. And it is hinted that in this, the Rev. Parker's conduct was not free from guile and

envy, since it was a recognized probability that Miss Read, who had long been the special glory of the second Presbyterian Sunday-school where she has an interesting class of reformed cowboys, would transfer her allegiance, when she married, to St. Bartholomew's Protestant Episcopal church, of which Dr. Simmons was a devoted member and a vestryman. It was confidently expected too, that when Miss Read went over, her cowboy contingent would follow her, which prospect it is said was far from agreeable to Mr. Parker, who is believed to take more pride in converting one cowboy than a thousand German immigrants.

When, therefore, on the strength of the Rev. Parker's representations Alderman Read demanded an explanation from Dr. Simmons, and getting none, broke off his daughter's engagement, public sympathy was strongly with Dr. Simmons, and the sentiment of the community regarding the Rev. Parker's interference was so pronounced as to cause that gentleman to anticipate his summer vacation by several months and take a trip East.

Dr. Simmons could not explain what he had done because he has never found out. Every effort was made to unravel the mystery, but without the slightest success. The doctor would have laughed at his detractors and lived the matter down had he alone been concerned, but the conviction that his continued presence among us was a source of embarrassment and affliction to an estimable young lady, weighed upon his spirits, and impelled him at last to take steps which resulted to-day in his regretted departure.

He leaves behind him hosts of friends who will gladly hear of his success in the new field he has chosen, and who for his sake will hail with joy, and diligently follow up any clue to the mystery that overhangs his life.

#### THE GREAT STAR ROUTE PROCESSION.

THE noble Maine Magnet has drawn large crowds on his recent tour through Ohio. Telegrams received hourly inform us how in Chumpville and other populous towns the people turned out *en masse* to greet him of Presidential aspirations and Hocking Valley fame.

Our artist, an Ohione by birth—for this occasion only—has faithfully depicted the salient features of the Blaine reception at various stations, and this may be regarded as the only strictly accurate cut of the now historical tour.

The natives of Ohio are unanimous in saying that there has not been such a show there since Mr. Barnum exhibited Jumbo.

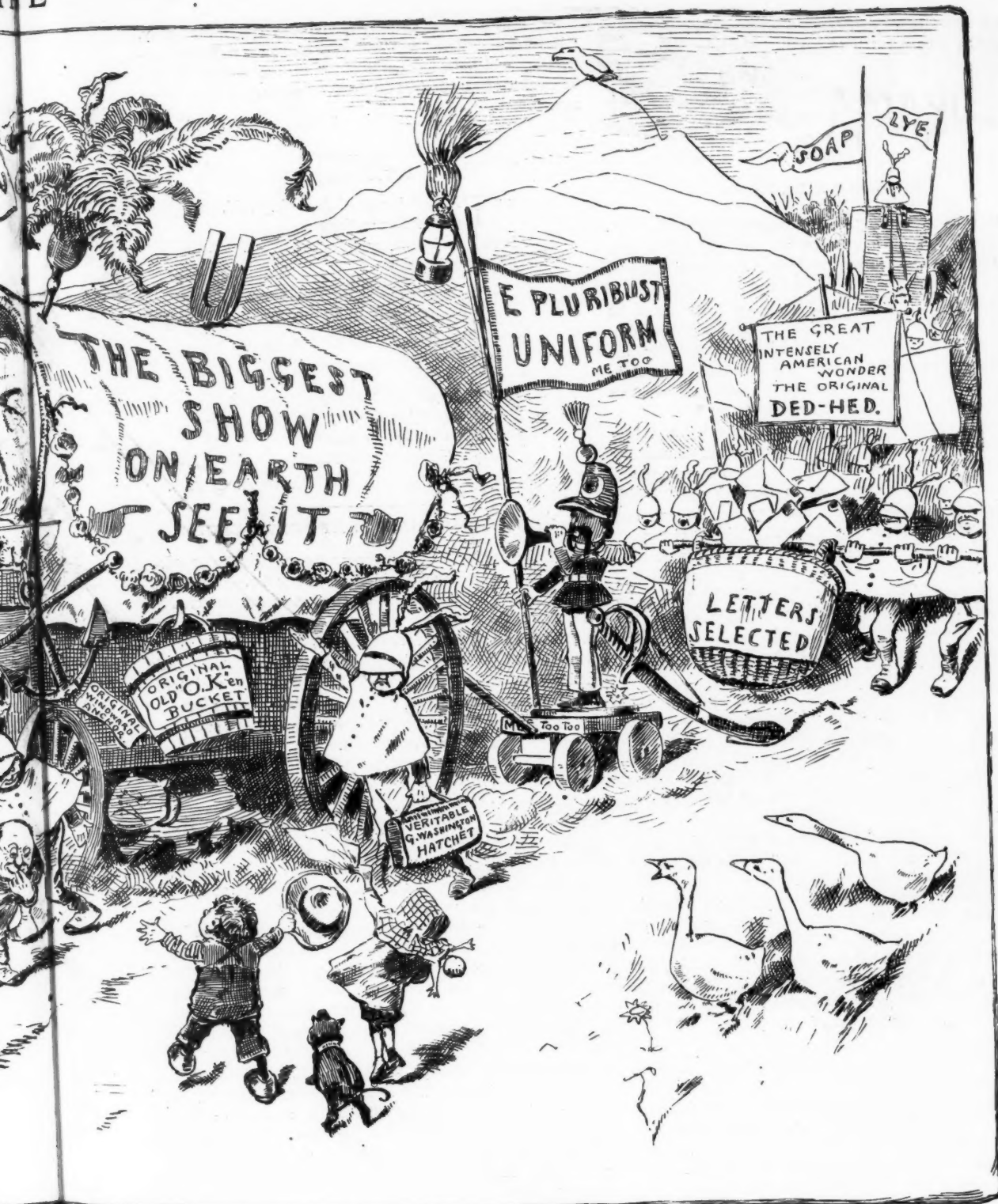
It is a matter for regret that when the party reached Ganderburgh, a large and prosperous town of twenty, in Central Ohio, a game of base-ball between the home nine and a visiting club from the Hayes-Seed district prevented Mr. Blaine from being received at all. Still, as the candidate himself remarked, "You cannot expect an exhibition of electrified brass to successfully rival the National Game."

For the benefit of the uninitiated it may be well to state that Mr. Blaine's facial expression is from an instantaneous photograph taken while he was uttering those immortal words: "All I have left to say is, Good Bye."











### MR. DALY'S RETURN.

MR. DALY's Company, after a summer of brilliant triumphs on foreign shores, has returned and is now playing to such houses as are rarely seen save at this theatre. The success of this Company abroad should be a matter of pride to all Americans, for it may be said of it, as it can be said of no other stock company, it is distinctively American. And it is a matter for congratulation that as a return for Mr. Irving's Company such a conscientious manager as Mr. Daly crossed the ocean to show our English cousins of what we barbarous Americans are capable when we try.

The British heart is rarely warmed by anything so vulgar as to come from this side of the water, and when the mercury of their feelings rises to such a degree that the pedigree of each actor is eagerly sought so as to establish some British claim either upon them or their ancestry, then may we feel that our countrymen have indeed scored a brilliant victory.

Not the least gratifying experience to Mr. Daly must have been his reception on the opening night, when at the first performance of "A Wooden Spoon," an adaptation from the German of F. Von Schonthan based upon the methods of the present political campaign, and conveying a moral which the managers of both parties would do well to note, a perfect ovation was given him and his popular company.

As a play little can be said of "A Wooden Spoon." It is handled with all of Mr. Daly's characteristic delicacy, but based as it is upon campaign methods and much of the humor being of that sort which at this stage of the contest is threadbare in the extreme, it cannot at best but excite a passing smile or hiss as the auditor's own political belief leads him to indulge.

Were it not for the artistic treatment of the play by the actors themselves, "A Wooden Spoon" would not achieve that success which all wish Mr. Daly.

Mr. Drew's performance of Paul Impulse, an Editor-in-chief, is a capital bit of acting, while the character sketch of Mr. Birdy, the publisher of the *Daily Telephone*, whose chief duty seems to be to go to jail for various libels, causing him to assume the title of "Jail Editor," enacted by Mr. Gilbert, is intensely humorous and as fine a piece of acting in that particular line as it has been our good fortune to see.

Miss Rehan is somewhat of a disappointment, a fact which is no fault of the actress, but due entirely to the lack of interest in her part.

Concerning Mrs. Gilbert and Messrs. Lewis and Fisher it is hardly necessary to speak. They are always nearly perfect. The others carried their respective parts well, and as a whole the play may be regarded as an artistic success.

Mr. Daly promises an early revival of his popular comedy, "Needles and Pins," and has in preparation numerous attractions which the reputation of his theatre assures us will be all that can be desired by the theatre-goers of the coming season.

DURANGO.

### A VICTORY.

"THERE is a peach," the boy said,  
"Dangling on the tree.  
It shall no longer dangle—  
I'll put it into me."

"Here is a boy," the peach said,  
Shaking itself with spleen.  
"How he will feel when he finds out  
How hard I am, and green!"

And the boy, he plucked the green peach  
And went off on his way  
As merry and happy a youngster  
As you'll find, of a summer day.

DAVID A. CURTIS.

### THE THOMPSON STREET POKER CLUB.

AT the meeting of the Thompson Street Poker Club, Saturday evening, the usual business hung fire. Mr. GUS. JOHNSON had been elected chairman of the committee on Tin Helmets at the meeting of the Blaine and Logan Guards the previous evening, and in return for the honor had felt compelled to blow in his week's wages for beer; Prof. BRICK had had a dismal misunderstanding with the cashier at the store at which he was employed, over a garnishee process served the day before; Mr. CYANIDE WHIFFLES had been suffering from pecuniary congestion ever since the last meeting; Mr. TOOTER WILLIAMS had not yet turned up; and the Rev. Mr. THANKFUL SMITH had expressed himself as feeling some delicacy about accepting I. O. U.'s from brother members of the club over which he presided. The members therefore sat around and fingered the chips and dealt hands of more or less factitious value, and listened to a homily from the Rev. Mr. THANKFUL SMITH, on the political problems now agitating, not the club but the country at large.

"Now Brer JOHNSON," said the Reverend gentleman, bestowing an impressive glance on the member named, "Brer JOHNSON, he goes in fer Cleveland. Dat's right. Hit's like drawin' ter a club flisk in a jacker. Ef you ketchum, hit's ten ter nuffin' yo' gits de pot. But I 'vises Brer. JOHNSON not ter spend mo' n' fo' cents in de draw. Not dat I doan spec Cleve hez some show, 'n er smart chance ter git dar, but wen he does, a moke hez no mo' chance 'n er cat in Gehenna wiv-out claws ob gittin' mo' n' er kentry pose office at \$12 a y'ar. De moke am wallyble jess befo' 'lection 'n on de Foth er November he am de pride ob de ward, 'n sometimes 'll fotch \$2, but de day after he's jess as wuffless 'n ornary ez cold waffles on Chrismus mawnin'."



DOROTHY.

WHEN Dorothy was twenty-four,  
I was, I must confess,  
But twenty, yet for this I swore  
I loved her none the less.  
What though some saucy maiden teased,  
Or ancient one cried "Shame!"  
Might I not marry as I pleased,  
If Shakespeare did the same?

Although I know she favored me,  
For so she oft had said,  
This would she have no other see,  
Nor promise me to wed.  
Indeed I took her much to task  
For flirting. "Very true,"  
She answered, smiling. "Thus I mask  
My preference for you."

And then I fancied—hateful thought!  
Some other might obtain  
The kiss that I myself had sought  
A thousand times in vain.  
My arguments upon this head,  
She found of little savor;  
"You jealous child, you know," she said,  
"That kissing goes by favor!"

One day I met her, face to face,  
With Dorkins, arm in arm.  
So like it was to an embrace,  
I viewed them with alarm.  
She saw me; started; giggled; blushed;  
Then, pointing with her fan,  
"There's Tom; he's fond of me," she gushed;  
"Ask him to be best man!"

WALTER CLARKE.

Mr. JOHNSON seemed to be grateful for this advice, and the Rev. Mr. SMITH continued:

"Professor BRICK, he's whooping fo' Butler. Now dat's wussern de jams. Wen Jinnle Butler's Presdent, pigs 'll fly 'n we 'll shoot sassengers on de wing. Dis yar campaign am a suckus, 'n de ole Jinnle is de Fat Woman in de side show. Hit am some fun fer her ter get ten cents fo' ebry suckah dat pays ter peep in, but hit am wanity ter 'spose de crowd am goin' ter forgit de clown 'n peanuts, 'n yellin' in de big tent, 'n hit am humiliatin' ter know dat de baboon wif de red seat in he trousers am drawin' de bess 'n costin' de least. Wen BRICK gits an offiss outen de ole Jinnle's 'lection I 'll set up de beer fo' de Club fo' two yars runnin'."

The Professor shifted somewhat uneasily in his chair but said nothing.

"Now dar's CY WHIFFLES," continued the Rev. Mr. THANKFUL SMITH in a tone which chilled CYANIDE to the marrow,—"CY hez went 'n gone 'n blowed in fo'teen dollahs fo' beer on the strength ob — what?"

Mr. WHIFFLES coughed but made no reply.

"He blowed in dat fo'teen dollahs agin —"

"'Rah for Blaine an' —" here the door opened, and Mr. TOOTER WILLIAMS and a Seventh Avenue swell entered together.

"Wot's dat?" inquired the Rev. Mr. SMITH with asperity.

"Blaine—de Plumed—"

"Toot," said the Rev. Mr. THANKFUL SMITH, "drap on dat right hyar. 'Splain dem lettahs."

"Blaine am de mos' mag—"

"'Splain dem lettahs."





### 'SPLAIN DEM LETTAHS.

"Jess wait 'll I tole yo how he 's gwine ter run de forren policy"—began Mr. WILLIAMS again.

"'Splain dem lettahs."

"Can yo' hole on twell I tole yo' 'bout free trade 'n de—"

"Give us de Mulligin fust," said the Rev. Mr. THANKFUL SMITH. Mr. WILLIAMS's eye was now wild.

"De gran' old pawty—" he began. The Rev. Mr. SMITH rose impressively.

"De gran' ole pawty," he said, "hez hed a streak ob luck for twenty yars, 'n now hit 's drawin' to de wrong par in de lass jacker. TOOT, wen a man 's drunk 'n dodgin' creditors 'n got no business outen singing, he kin shout fer Magnetism twell daybreak 'n hit doan' perduce no 'fect 'ceptin' on de police. Wen de pawty gits too ole, hit sorter gits weak in de back ob de head. Now I 'se voted de straight Radikil tickit sence de days ob Linkin', 'n I shouted 'n carried lamps, 'n whooped her up fer all I was wuff. But dar was n't no Blaine nor no Logan in *dat* pie. *No*, sah. Splain dem lettahs, 'n I 'll talk about de gran' ole pawty. Splain dem lettahs 'n I 'll vote dis yar fo' de debbil, ef he 's sot up. Splain dem lettahs 'n I 'll jine de Plumed Knights termorrer. But doan go roun' blowin' 'bout Free Trade 'n Forrin Policy ter mokes. De whitewash brush 'n de hash plate am all de trade dey kin look ter, 'n fo' 'leven fohty fo' am policy enuff. But splain dem

lettahs. Dat reaches wot little brain de moke am given, 'n twell dem lettahs am splaind, wot kin yo' do? Gwuffum hyar, TOOT, 'n soak yo'sef sober."

Mr. WILLIAMS went home.

### THE FOX AND THE WATCH-DOG.

A CUNNING old Fox once met a little Watch-dog with an enormous block on and asked him: "What is that you have fastened to your neck?"

"That 's my watch-fob."

"Your watch fob! Do you wear a watch?"

"Yes; that 's the reason they call me the watch-dog."

"Where is your watch?"

"At the jeweler's undergoing repairs."

"What will you take for your watch-fob?"

"Ten dollars."

"I 'll give you ten cents for it."

"Well, pull out the money."

"Ah, well," said the Fox, as he trotted off, "if you 'll take ten cents for it, I would n't have it for a Christmas gift."

Moral: Do n't overload a plain, every day lie with embroidery and flourishes.

WHITE lies—pillow shams.

FROM THE SEAT OF WAR.

**PARIS**, Oct. 16th.—The latest advices from the French admiral at Chew on the Galootchu River show that the French have had a glorious victory at that point 48,092,673,-492,246 Chinese Coolies having been slain by a handful of French troops. The French lost two fingers and a Meershaum pipe.

The remainder of the Chinese Troops fled to Slang-tung where they were re-enforced by a tribe of Pigeon-English with whose aid they returned and exploded a Roman Candle under the French Commander's quarters utterly routing their adversaries.

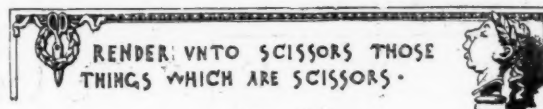
The *Temps* this morning blames Minister Ferry for allowing the French to be defeated at Tsing-Tsing, stating that the Premier is directly responsible for the fact that there were only 16,000 men and ten ships at the port who could not be expected to resist the attack of the four Meandarins, as the attacking Chinese tramps are termed.

A stand of French col(l)ars were captured at Lon-Dree this morning.

Tea is somewhat stronger to-day, and the price of Canine, the tariff on Bark having been reduced, has fallen five points.

The Mugapore of Chickadee refuses to pay the war tax levied on his head, and that useful article has been confiscated by the Empress.

CARLYLE SMITH.



"I TELL you what," airily exclaimed Perkins, as he sat down to the supper table, "I was in a tight place this afternoon."

"Yes, I know you were," interrupted his wife in clear, cold utterances that cut like a knife; "I saw you coming out of it." And then it flashed across Perkins's mind that he had incidentally stepped into a saloon with a friend, for the purpose of examining a doubtful political statement with the aid of a magnifying glass, and this contemplated anecdote slipped from his grasp like money at a summer resort, while the supper was finished amid a silence so profound that he could plainly hear a napkin ring.—*Rockland Courier.*

DINERS-OUT are jealous of one another. Mr. Hayward was frequently scandalously attacked, and figures as Venom Tuft in Mr. Samuel Warren's "Ten Thousand a Year." Now Mr. Warren was himself not exempt from the charge of liking great people. There is a Bar story told of him, that once, when sitting in court by the side of a brother barrister, he said to him: "I must go now, Davison, as I am going to dine with Lord Lyndhurst." "So am I," said Davison. Warren looked disconcerted, but went out of court, and quickly came in again, and said to Davison: "When I said I was going to dine with Lord Lyndhurst, I was joking." "Well," said Davison, "so was I!"—*Argonaut.*

JINKS—"Why, what is the matter with your nose?" Fink—"It has been frost-bitten." Jinks—"Oh, come now, you have not been on any Arctic expedition." Fink—"No, but the other evening I kissed a Boston girl."—*Ex.*

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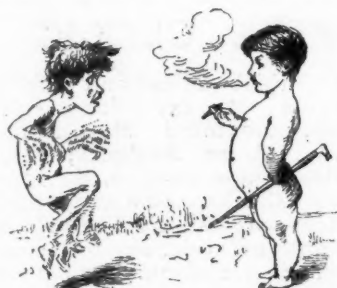
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**T**HE important feature of THE CENTURY MAGAZINE for the coming year—perhaps the most important ever undertaken by the magazine—is a series of separate papers on the great battles of the War for the Union, written by general officers high in command on both sides, including Generals Grant, Longstreet, Hill, McClellan, Beauregard, Pope, Rosecrans, Admiral Porter and others. The series is begun in the November number with an interesting and graphically illustrated paper on "BULL RUN," by GEN. BEAUREGARD, who not only describes the battle but touches upon his relations with Jefferson Davis and the general conduct of the War. The aim is to present in this series interesting personal experiences—the officer's own stories of their plans and operations. The illustrations will be full and accurate; and accompanying papers on "Recollections of a Private," begun in the same number, will add value to the series.

The November CENTURY also contains first chapters of **A NEW NOVEL**, by **W. D. HOWELLS**, the story of the rise of an American business man. There are short stories by Frank R. Stockton, Joel Chandler Harris ("Uncle Remus") and T. A. Janvier, illustrated by A. B. Frost and Mary Hallock Foote. Three full-page pictures by Vedder are among the illustrations of the number. Among the especially timely papers is one by George Ticknor Curtis, discussing the question "HOW SHALL WE ELECT OUR PRESIDENTS?" George W. Cable writes of "We of the South;" Col. George E. Waring, Jr., of "The Principles of House Drainage." There are interesting and hitherto unpublished letters from Charles Reade; a profusely illustrated article on "The Chinese Theatre," etc., etc. A novel by Henry James and a novelette by Grace Denio Litchfield, will begin soon. THE CENTURY for 1885 will be unusually strong in fiction, including good, short stories. Readers of THE CENTURY may feel sure of keeping abreast of the times on leading subjects that may properly come within the province of a monthly magazine. New subscriptions should date from the November number, now ready, the beginning of the War Series and Mr. Howells's new novel. Price, \$4.00 a year; 35 cents a number. All book-sellers and news-dealers sell it and take subscriptions, or remittance may be made to

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